

It was October when I came to the Smaier Farm—red, red, red, in the scarlet, the woodland streams choked with dead leaves, and the nuts ripening on the chestnut boughs; and I can well remember the thrill which went through all my veins at the sight of the glorious landscape, as the stage driver set me down on the doorstep, with my trunk and carpet bag, just as the sunset, bursting through the shield of lowering cloud, blazed across the old house, painting its eaves with orange light, and turning the small window panes to quivering tablets of gold.

For I had been born and brought up in the city, and all its wide, wild landscape, colored with autumn forests and scented with dead leaves was new and marvellous in my sight.

"Do you like it, Cousin Olga?" Coquettish little Barbara asked the question as she flitted to and fro, apparently intent upon the arrangement of the supper table, while all the time she kept a bright eye on Walter Midway, who sat by the light gleaming a defective spot in the harness.

"Very much," I said, quietly. Walter did not look up but I could feel his quiet eye on me all the time. I wondered what he thought of me. I thought, uneasily of my dusty dress, my disheveled hair, the stiff, unbecoming collar which I had chosen to wear, instead of the lace which Barbara had insisted upon. Not that I wanted him to admire me; but every woman likes to appear to the best advantage, and I was no whit different from the rest of my sex.

I was a Philadelphia shop girl. There was no glamour of romance about my life. I worked for my living, like many another, living quietly in scant and forlorn lodgings, and felt, sadly enough, that my lot of life was to be a chrysalis rather than a butterfly's—until Fayal & Co. failed, and hearing that I was out of employment my unknown cousin of Smaier Farm wrote to come and spend the winter with them.

They welcomed me kindly after their fashion. Uncle Blake gave me a kiss, and remarked dutifully that "I didn't favor any of the Blake's that ever he knew of." Barbara, his daughter, welcomed me, looked so pale. "Jimmie brought his pretty young wife—who had been a Midway—to greet me; and her brother Walter, who was boarding there, also politely shook hands with me, and hoped I should like the country," in an indifferent way.

The fire of huge logs blazed and crackled in the deep, smoky blackened chimney place, and the leaves rustled against the doorsteps outside, and a cricket chirped shrilly under the hearth, and it was so strange—so strange, yet so restful! After supper they left me alone. Mrs. Jonas Blake went out to the barn, and my cousin and his father vanished to attend a "Deistric School Meeting" somewhere. Walter and Barbara had been invisible for some time, and after sitting dreamily for a while at the fire, I rose and went into the kitchen beyond, vaguely desirous of some companionship beside my own.

No one was there, but I heard the sound of voices in the shed at the rear, where Barbara was holding the light for Walter Midway to sharpen some edged tools on the grindstone. Unwittingly I advanced in time to hear their words:

"A stiff ugly old maid," said Walter indifferently. "A little higher, Barbara, please. I like the sort of girls they turn out of Philadelphia, I prefer the country specimens!"

I stood rooted to the floor, feeling myself grow hot all over. They went on talking and laughing, but I did not hear a word that they said.

Noiselessly I crept back into the house up to my own room, lighted the candle, and looked into the little muslin draped glass that hung above the home made dressing table. Stiff, ugly, and an old maid! The latter I was certainly not at four-and-twenty. Still, I might be—who could avoid that, in the presence of utter strangers, surrounded by a domestic atmosphere that was entirely new to me? And ugly—was I that? I looked into the glass, to see hair pulled straight back from a pale, oval face, eyes heavy with weariness, cheeks colorless. Did he think I always looked like that? He should see!

So I went to bed and cried myself to sleep.

The next morning I got up and dressed myself with care. I brushed the soft, crimped masses of jet black hair away from my temples, and fastened a spray of coral red wild berries which I had gathered on the roadside into it, and, knotting my loose scarlet silk necktie under my lace collar, I smiled to see the soft glow of color that was turning to my cheeks, and the brilliancy of my eyes.

My dress of black cashmere enveloped there and there by a bow of scarlet ribbon, instead of the gray traveling suit I had worn the evening before, and it fitted me as if I had grown into it.

"I don't think I am quite so ugly as I was last night," I thought, "but if Mr. Midway don't like me of course I can't help it."

So I went down stairs, and Uncle Blake started at me over his spectacles.

"Money on us!" cried Mrs. Jonas "what has this girl been doing to herself?"

"Some one must have changed her off while she slept!" said Barbara, running up to me and giving me a kiss.

Walter Midway said nothing, he only drank his coffee.

How I enjoyed the next fortnight! The weather was beautiful and bright beyond all description. We had nutting expeditions, and boating parties, and long walks to gather autumn leaves. At night we sat around the blazing logs, and on the few rainy days, Mrs. Jonas showed me how to make butter, and Barbara took me up into the garret, where there were chests of old robes, piles of books and papers, and all the antique belongings of a whole century of Blake's.

But all this time Walter Midway kept his quiet distance; and, to save my life, I could not tell whether he still thought me a "stiff, ugly old maid" or not.

And then came the husking frolic! The barn was illuminated by lanterns, struck in the second, alone the sides—I had never seen so wild and romantic a sight. The neighborhood gathered to the gala. Mrs. Jonas and Barbara had been baking cakes and buttering sandwiches all day, while Uncle Blake had rolled a

HARRISBURG, Dec. 8.—A Harrisburg newspaper publishes a circumstantial story, without giving names, of a duel between a Harrisburger and a youthful citizen of Carlisle. The affair began at a ball in the latter town where the young man from Harrisburg, through the Carlisle fellow too attentive to his lady friend. After formal and somewhat prolonged preliminaries, a meeting was agreed upon on an island in the Susquehanna River, opposite Steelton, near Harrisburg. The parties rowed out to the scene in boats, and the seconds quickly loaded the weapons. The principles took their places twenty yards apart, and at the word fired. Neither party was hit. In answer to the Carlisle man's second, the other party said he was not ready to apologize, and another shot was declared necessary by the seconds. This resulted in blood, as the Harrisburger's arm and broke the bone. The wounded man reeled and fainted, but he was soon revived. The party then returned home, and the affair was not known until yesterday.

New Bloomfield, Miss., Jan. 2, 1880.—I wish to say to you that I have been suffering for the last five years with a severe itching all over. I have heard of Hop Bitters and have tried it. I have used up four bottles, and it has done me more good than all the doctors and medicines that they could use on or with me. I am old and poor but feel to bless you for such a relief by your medicine and from torment of the doctors. I have had fifteen doctors at me. One gave me seven ounces of sulphur and arsenic; another gave four ounces of blood from me. All they could tell me was that it was skin disease. Now, after these four bottles of your medicine, my skin is well, clean and smooth as ever.

HLARY KNOX.

The Man Who Murdered a Priest.

GREENFIELD, Mass., Dec. 7.—David McMillen, who shot Father McCarthy Sunday evening, reached here last evening about 7 o'clock. He was contented of an attempt to lynch the prisoner, and the train was stopped some distance from the depot and he was put in a carriage and driven rapidly to jail. The news, however, had leaked out, and the jail yard was crowded with people anxious to get at the prisoner, but a display of revolvers by officers deterred them from violence. Father McCarthy died about midnight, but before his death made a dying declaration as to the circumstances of the assault. A warrant for McMillen on the charge of murder was issued.

Ingenious Murders.

LEADVILLE, Dec. 8.—The Republic's Pueblo special says: Last spring Christopher Sharlow was found dead in bed. The coroner and physicians viewed the body, and concluding that death was the result of diphtheria, gave a burial certificate.

A few weeks ago the body was shipped east, where an examination was made which resulted in the finding of a bullet hole in the back of the head, which had been so ingeniously plugged up with a wooden plug as not to be noticeable, except on a very close examination. The murders are believed to be still in this vicinity.

St. Louis, December 8.—At Harrisburg, a few miles from East St. Louis, the striking coal miners gathered at 5 o'clock this morning several hundred strong and established a cordon around the pits through which the miners at work in the mines could have to pass. The sheriff and posse appeared on the scene and the strikers retired. Later they returned in increased numbers armed with revolvers. Affairs were critical when the sheriff and posse bravely arrested several of the ringleaders and quelled the rioters. For a time the situation was very grave.

A Terrible Disaster Narrowly Averted.

TRENTON, N. J., Dec. 1.—A land slide occurred on the Blenheim division of the Pennsylvania Railroad near Reigelville station this morning. It was discovered by the track walker just as the Elmira express train rounded the curve. He rushed around the moving avalanche and by waving his flag stopped the train within a few feet of the obstruction. About forty tons of rock and earth, and the engine and the passenger train were transferred over the slide. Trains were delayed some five hours.

The End of a Midnight Frolic.

FALL RIVER, Mass., Dec. 8.—At 12 o'clock last night Raymond P. Dennis, an old man, was shot and instantly killed. A party of young men were tormenting Dennis by rapping on his windows. He went outside armed with a shot gun, and drove them away. One of the young men took the gun away from him and blew his head off.

Killed in Trying to Save Her Cow.

NORWICH, Dec. 8.—Margaret Kane, a woman about forty-five years of age, and the mother of five children, was killed on the railroad at Bridgeport this morning. She attempted to drive her cow from the track, when the engine of a passenger train struck her and threw her ten or twelve feet. Her head was horribly crushed and she lived only a short time.

A Barge Stricken Blind.

LANCASTER, Nov. 30.—John Frankford, the famous jail breaker, was more seriously injured by the shot fired at him in his last escape than was at first supposed. One of the shots entered his eye and destroyed the sight of it, and the other eye being in sympathy with it, it is feared he will become totally blind.

Glass Works Burned.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Dec. 2.—The Poughkeepsie glass works were destroyed by fire last night, together with large quantities of glass, ready for shipment and in process of manufacture. The loss on stock and buildings is estimated at \$150,000. The fire was no doubt the work of an incendiary.

Mr. Atkins' Outline of Democratic Policy.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 7.—Representative Atkins, of Tennessee, says that the Democratic policy in this Congress is a revision of the tariff, the abolition of the national bank, the unlimited currency of silver at a 3 per cent. refunding scheme.

Write to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets relative to the curative properties of her Vegetable Compound in all female complaints.



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